THE HIND AND THE PANTHER.

TRANSVERS'D

To the Story of

The Country-mouse and the City-mouse.

John Bolton

Much Malice mingled with a little Wit. Hind, &c. Pt. III
Nec vult Panthera domari. Quæ Genus. &c.

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PREFACE.

THE *Favourers of the* Hind *and* Panther *will be apt to say in its Defence, That the best things are capable of being turn'd to Ridicule; that* Homer *has been Burlesque'd, and* Virgil *Travested without suffering any thing in their Reputation from that Buffoonry; and that in like manner, the* Hind *and the* Panther *may be an exact Poem, though 'tis the Subject of our Raillery: But there is this difference, that those Authors are wrested from their true sense, and this naturally falls into Ridicule; there is nothing represented here as monstrous and unnatural, which is not equally so in the Original. First as to the General Design, Is it not as easie to imagine two* Mice *bilking Coachmen, and supping at the* Devil; *as to suppose a* Hind *entertaining the* Panther *at a* Hermits Cell, *discussing the greatest Mysteries of Religion, and telling you her son* Rodriguez *writ very good Spanish? What can be more improbable and contradictory to the Rules and Examples of all Fables, and to the very design and use of them? They were first begun and raised to the highest Perfection in the* Eastern *Countries; where they wrote in signs and spoke in parables, and delivered the most useful Precepts in delightful stories; which for their Aptness were entertaining to the most Judicious, and led the vulgar into understanding by surprizing them with their Novelty, and fixing their Attention. All their Fables carry a double meaning: the Story is one and intire; the Characters the same throughout, not broken or chang'd, and always conformable to the nature of the Creatures they introduce. They never tell you that the Dog which snapt at a shadow, lost his Troop of Horse, that would be unintelligible; a piece of Flesh is proper for him to drop, and the reader will apply it to mankind; they would not say that*

the Daw who was so proud of her borrow'd plumes lookt very ridiculous when Rodriguez *came and took away all the book but the* 17th, 24th, *and* 25th *Chapters, which she stole from him: But this is his new way of telling a story, and confounding the* Moral *and the* Fable *together.*

Before the Word was written, said the Hind,
Our Saviour Preacht the Faith to all Mankind.

What relation has the Hind *to our Saviour? or what notion have we of a* Panther's *Bible? If you say he means the Church how does the Church feed on Lawns, or range in the Forest? Let it be always a Church, or always the cloven-footed Beast, for we cannot bear his shifting the scene every Line. If it is absurd in Comedies to Make a peasant talk in the strain of a* Hero, *or a Country Wench use the language of the Court; how monstrous is it to make a Priest of a* Hind, *and a Parson of a* Panther? *To bring 'em in disputing with all the Formalities and Terms of the School? Though as to the Arguments themselves, those, we confess, are suited to the Capacity of the Beasts, and if we would suppose a* Hind *expressing her self about the Matters. She would talk at that Rate.*

As to the Absurdity of his expressions, there is nothing wrested to make 'em ridiculous, the terms are sometimes alter'd to make the Blunder more visible; Knowledge misunderstood *is not at all better sense than* Understanding misunderstood, *though 'tis confest the Author can play with words so well, that this and twenty such will pass of at a slight reading.*

There are other mistakes which could not be brought in for they were too gross for Bayes *himself to commit. 'Tis hard to conceive how any man could censure the* Turks *for Gluttony, a People that debauch in Coffee, are voluptuous in a mess of Rice, and keep the strictest* Lent, *without the Pleasures of a* Carnival *to encourage them. But 'tis almost impossible to think that any man who had not renounced his Senses, should read* Duncomb *for* Allen: *He had been told that Mr:* Allen *had written a Discourse of Humility; to which he wisely answers, That that magnified piece of* Duncombs *was Translated from the* Spanish *of* Rodriguez, *and to set it beyond dispute, makes the infal-*

Difference twixt a protestant and Socinian, p. 6

Page. 40.

infallible Guide affirm the same thing. There are few mistakes, Page. 40.
but one may imagine how a Man fell into them, and at least what he aim'd at; but what likeness is there between Duncomb *and* Allen? *do they so much as Rhime?*

We may have this comfort under the severity of his Satyr, to see his Abilities equally lessen'd with his Opinion of us; and that he could not be a fit Champion against the Panther *till he had laid aside all his Judgement. But we must applaud his Obedience to his new Mother* Hind; *she* Discipli'n'd *him severely,* page 39.
she commanded him it seems, to Sacrifice *his* darling Fame, *and to do it effectually he publisht this learned Piece. This is the favourable Construction we would put on his faults, tho he takes care to inform us, that it was done from no Imposition, but out of a natural Propensity he has to Malice, and a parti-* Preface
cular inclination of doing Mischief. What else could provok him to Libel the Court, *Blaspheme* Kings, *abuse the whole* Scotch Page. 87.
Nation, *rail at the greatest Part of his own, and lay all the Indignities imaginable on the only establish'd Religion? And we must now congratulate him this Felicity, that there is no Sect or Denomination of Christians, whom he has not abused.*

Thus far his Arms have with success been crown'd.

Let Turks, Jews *and* Infidels, *look to themselves, he has already begun the War upon them. When once a Conqueror grows thus dreadful, 'tis the interest of all his Neighbours to oppose him, for there is no Alliance to be made with one that will face about, and destroy his Friends, and like a second* Almanzor, *change sides meerly to keep his hand in use. This Heroick temper of his, has created him some Enemies, that did by no means affect Hostility; and he may observe this Candor in the Management, that none of his Works are concern'd in these Papers, but his last piece; and I believe he is sensible this is a favour. I was not ambitious of laughing at any perswasion, or making Religion the Subject of such a Trifle; so that no man is here concern'd, but the Author himself, and nothing ridicul'd but this way of arguing.*

But, Gentlemen, if you won't take it so, you must grant my Excuse is more reasonable than our Author's to the Dissenters;

THE HIND and the PANTHER,

Transvers'd to the story of the *Country* and the *City-Mouse*.

Bayes: Johnson. Smith.

Johnson.

HAH! my old friend Mr. *Bayes*, what lucky chance has thrown me upon you? Dear Rogue let me embrace thee.

Bayes. Hold, at your peril, Sir, stand off and come not within my Swords point, for if you are not *come over to the*
Pref: p. 1 *Royal party, I expect neither fair war, nor fair quarter from you.*

John. How, draw upon your friend? and assault your old acquaintance? O' my *conscience* my intentions were Honourable.

Bayes. Conscience! Ay, ay, I know the deceit of that word well enough, let me have the *marks* of your *Conscience*
Pref: ib: before I trust it, for if it be not of the same stamp with mine, Gad I may be *knockt down* for all your fair promises

Smith. Nay, prythy *Bayes*, what damn'd Villany hast thou been about that thou'rt under these apprehensions; upon my Honour I'm thy friend; yet thou lookest as smeaking and frighted as a dog that has been worrying sheep,

Pref: ib: *Bayes.* Ay Sir, *The Nation is in too high a ferment for me to expect any mercy*, or I'gad, to trust any body.

Smith. But why this to us, my old friend, who you know never trouble our heads with National concerns till the

third bottle has taught us as much of Politicks, as the next does of Religion.

Bayes. Ah Gentlemen, leave this prophaneness, I am alter'd since yot saw me, and cannot bear this loose talke now; Mr. *Johnson*, you are a man of parts, let me desire you to read *the Guide of Controversy*; and Mr. *Smith*, I would recommend to you *the Considerations on the Council of Trent*, and so Gentlemen your humble Servant.——*Good life be now my Task.* Page. 33

Johns. Nay Faith we wont part so: believe us we are both your Friends; let us step to the *Rose* for one quarter of an hour, and talk over old stories.

Bayes. I ever took you to be men of Honour, and for your sakes I will transgress as far as one Pint.

Johns. Well, Mr. *Bayes*, many a merry bout have we had in this House, and shall have again, I hope: Come, what Wine are you for?

Bayes. Gentlemen, do you as you please, for my part he shall bring me a single Pint of any thing.

Smith. How so, Mr. *Bayes*, have you lost your pallat? you have been more curious.

Bayes. True, I have so, but *senses* must be *starv'd* that the *soul* may be *gratified.* Men of your Kidney make the *senses* the *supream Judge*, and therefore bribe 'em high, but we have laid both the use and pleasure of 'em aside. page. 92

Smith. What, is not there good eating and drinking on both sides? you make the separation greater than I though it.

Bayes. No, no, whenever you see a fat Rosie colour'd fellow, take it from me, he is either a *Protestant* or a *Turk.* Pag: 101

Johns. At that rate, Mr: *Bayes*, one might suspect yout conversion; methinks thou hast as much the face of an *Heretick* as ever I saw.

Bayes. Such was I, such by nature still I am. But I hope ere long I shall have drawn this *pamper'd Paunch* fitter for the *straight gate.* page. 2

Smith. Sure, Sir, you are in ill hands, your Confessor gives you more severe rules than he practices; for not long ago a *Fat Fryer* was thought a *true Character.*

Bayes.

Bayes. Things were misrepresented to me; I confess I have been unfortunate in some of my Writings: but since you have put me upon that subject, I'le show you a thing I have in my pocket shall wipe off all that, or I am mistaken.

Smith. Come now thou art like thy self again. Here's the *Kings* Health to thee——— Communicate.

Bayes. Well, Gentlemen, here it is, and I'le be bold to say, the exactest piece the world ever saw, a *Non Pareille* I'faith. But I must bespeak your pardons if it reflects any thing upon your perswasion.

Johns. Use your Liberty, Sir; you know we are no *Bigots.*

Bayes: Why then you shall see me lay the *Reformation* on its back, I'gad, and justifie our Religion by way of *Fable.*

Johns. An apt contrivance indeed! what do you make a *Fable* of your *Religion*?

Bayes. Ay I'gad, and without *Morals* too; for I tread in no mans steps, and to show you how far I can out-do any thing that ever was writ in this kind, I have taken *Horace's* design, but I'gad, have so out-done him, you shall be asham'd for your *old friend.* You remember in him the *Story* of the *Country-Mouse*, and the *City-Mouse*; what a plain simple thing it is, it has no more life and spirit in it, I'gad, than a Hobby-horse; and his *Mice* talk so meanly, such common stuff, so like *meer Mice*, that I wonder it has p'eas'd the world so long. But now will I undeceive *Mankind*, and teach 'em to *heighten*, and *elevate a Fable.* I'le bring you in the very same *Mice* disputing the depth of *Philosophy*, searching into the fundamentals of *Religion*, quoting *Texts*, *Fathers*, *Councils*, and all that, I'gad, as you shall see either of 'em could easily make an Asse of a *Country Vicar.* Now whereas *Horace* keeps to the dry naked story, I have more copiousness than to do that, I'gad. Here, I draw you general *Characters*, and describe all the *beasts* of the *Creation*; there, I launch out into long *Digressions*, and leave my *Mice* for twenty pages together; then I fall into *Raptures*, and make the finest *Soliloquies*, as would ravish you. Won't this do, think you?

Johns.

Johns. Faith, Sir, I don't well conceive you, all this about two *Mice?*

Bayes. Ay, why not? is it not great & Heroical? but come, you'l understand it better when you hear it; and pray be as severe as you can, I'gad I defie all *Criticks*. Thus it begins.

A milk-white Mouse *immortal and unchang'd,*
Fed on soft Cheese, and o're the Dairy *rang'd;* page 1.
Without, unspotted; innocent within,
She fear'd no danger, for she knew no Ginn.

Johns. Methinks Mr. *Bayes*, soft cheese is a little too coarse diet for an *immortal Mouse*; were there any necessity for her eating, you should have consulted *Homer* for some *Cœlestial Provision.*

Bayes. Faith, Gentlemen, I did so; but indeed I have not the *Latin* one, which *I* have mark'd by me, and could not readily find it in the Original.

Tet had she oft been scar'd by bloody claws ibid:
Of *winged* Owls, and stern *Grimalkins* Paws
A'm'd at her destin'd head, which made her *fly,*
Tho she was *doom'd to death*, and *fated not to dye.*

Smith, How came she that *fear'd no danger* in the line before to be scar'd in this, Mr. *Bayes*? ibid:

Bayes, Why then you may have it *chas'd* if you will; for I hope a Man may run away without being afraid mayn't he

Johns. But pray give me leave; how was she *doom'd to death* if she was *fated not to dye*; are not *doom* and *fate*, much the same thing?

Bayes, Nay *Gentlemen*, if you question my skill in the Language, I'm your humble servant; the *Rogues* the *Criticks* that will allow me nothing else, give me that; sure I that made the word, know best what I meant by it: I assure you *doom'd* and *fated*, are quite different thing.

Smith. Faith Mr. *Bayes*, if you were *doom'd* to be hanged, whatever you were *fated* to, twould give you but small comfort.

Bayes, Never trouble your head with that, Mr, *Smith*, mind the business in hand.

gad, I seldom come amongst 'em.

page 1 *Not so her young ; their* Linsy woolsy *line,*
Was Hero's make half humane, half Divine.

Smith Certainly these *Hero's half humane, half divine,* have very little of the *Mouse* their *Mother.*

Bayes, Gadsokers! Mr. *Johnson,* does your Friend think I mean nothing but a *Mouse,* by all this ? *I* tell thee Man, *I* mean *a Church,* and these young Gentlemen her Sons, signifie *Priests,* Martyrs and *Confessors* that were hang'd in *Oats's Plot.* Ther's an excellent Lattin sentence, which *I* had a mind to bring in *Sanguis Martirum semen Ecclesiæ,* and *I* think *I* have not wrong'd it in the translation.

Of these a slaughter'd Army lay in Blood,
Whose sanguine seed encreas'd the sacred Brood,
ibid *She multiplied* by these, *now rang'd alone,*
And wander'd in the Kingdoms once her own.

Smith. Was she *alone* when the *sacred brood was encreased.*

Bayes. Why thy Heads running on the *Mouse* again ; but *I* hope a *Church* may be alone, tho the *Members* be *encreased* mayn't it ?

Johns. Certainly Mr. *Bayes,* a *Church* which is a *difusive Body of Men,* can much less be said to be *alone.*

Bayes. But are you really of that Opinion ? Take it from me Mr, *John.* you are wrong; however to oblige you, I'le clap in some simile or other about the *Children* of *Israel,* and it shall do.

Smith. Will you pardon me one word more, Mr. *Bayes?* What could the *Mouse* (for I suppose you mean her now) do more then *range* in the *Kingdoms,* when they were her own ?

Bayes. Do ? why she *reign'd;* had a *Diadem, Scepter* and *Ball,* till they depos'd her.

Smith. Now her sons are so *encreas'd,* she may try t'other pull for't.

Bayes. I gad, and so she may before I have done with Her; it has cost me some paines to clear her Title: well, but *Mum* for that, *Mr. Smith.*

The

The common Hunt, she timourſly paſt by, Page 1
For they made tame, *diſdain'd her company*;
They grin'd, she in a fright *tript* o're the green,
For she was lov'd where ever she was seen.

Johnſ. Well said little *Bayes*, I'faith the Critick muſt have a great deal of leasure, that attacks thoſe verſes.

Bayes, I gad, I'le warrant him, who e're he is, *offendet ſolido*; but I go on.

The Independant Beaſt.

Smith Who is that Mr. *Bayes?* ibid

Bayes, Why a *Bear:* Pox, is not that obvious enough?

In Groanes her hate expreſt.

Which I gad, is very natural to that *Animal*. Well! there's for the *Independent:* Now the *Quaker*; what do you think I call him?

Smith Why, A *Bull*, for ought I know.

Bayes, A *Bull*! O Lord! A *Bull!* no, no, a *Hare*, a *quaking Hare*. *Armarillis*, becauſe she wears *Armour*, 'tis the ſame Figure; and I am proud to ſay it, Mr. *Johnſon*, no man knows how to *pun* in *Heroics* but my ſelf; well you ſhall hear.

She thought and reaſon good, the *Quaking Hare*
Her cruel foe, becauſe *ſhe would not ſwear*, Page 2
And had *profeſs'd neutrality.*

Johnſ. A ſhrew'd Reaſon that Mr. *Bayes*; but what wars were there?

Bayes Wars! why there had bin bloody wars, tho they were pretty well reconcil'd now: Yet to bring in two or three ſuch fine things as theſe, I don't tell you the Lyon's Peace was proclaim'd till fifty pages after, tho 'twas really done before I had finiſh'd my Poem

Next her, the Buffoon Ape his body *bent*,
And paid at Church a courtier's complement. ibid

That Gauls ſomewhere; I gad I can't leave it off, tho I were cudgel'd every day for it.

The briſl'd Babtiſt *Boar, impure as he.*

Smith, As who?

Bayes, As the *Courtier*, let 'em e'r take it as they will, I

page 2. gad, *I* ſeldom come amongſt 'em.

Was whiten'd with the ſoam of Sanctity.
The Wolf with Belly-gaunt his rough creſt rears,
And pricks up, —Now in one word will I abuſe the whole party moſt damnably —and *pricks up,* —— I gad I am ſure you'l Laugh——*his predeſtinating Ears* Prethee Mr. *Johnſon*, remember litt'e *Bays*, when next you ſee a *Presbyterian*, and take notice if he has not *Predeſtination* in the ſhape of his *Ear*: I have ſtudied men ſo long, I'le un-

page 5: dertake to know an *Arminian.* by the ſetting of his wig.

His Predeſtinating Ears, I gad ther's ne're a *Presbyterian* ſhall dare to ſhow his head without a Border: I'le put them to that expence.

Smith Pray Mr. *Bays*, if any of them ſhould come over to the *Royal Party*, would their Ears alter?

Bayes. Would they? Ay, I gad, they would ſhed their *Fanatical Lugs*, and have juſt ſuch welt-turn'd *Ears* as I have, mind this *Ear*, this is a true *Roman Ear*, mine are much changed for the better within this two years.

Smith Then if ever the party ſhould chance to fail, you might loſe 'em, *for what may change, may fall.*

ibid. *Bayes* Mind, mind——

Theſe fiery Zuinglius, *meagre* Calvin *bred.*

Smith Thoſe I ſuppoſe are ſome Out-Landiſh Beaſts, Mr, *Bayes.*

Bayes Beaſts; a good Miſtake! why they were the chief *Reformers*, but here I put 'em in ſo bad Company becauſe they were. Enemies to my *Mouſe*, and anon when I am

pa: 17 18 warm'd I gad you ſhall hear me call 'em *Doctors*, *Captains*, *Horſes* and *Horſemen* in the very ſame Breath: You ſhall hear how I go on now.

Or elſe reforming *Corah* ſpawn'd *this Claſs*,

page 5: *When opening earth made way for all to paſs,*

John. For *all*, Mr. *Bayes*?

Bayes. Yes. They were all Loſt there but ſome of 'em were thrown up again at the *Leman-Lake*: as a Catholick

ibid. *Queen* ſunk at *Charing-Croſs*, and roſe again at *Queenhith.*

The Fox and he came ſhuffled in the dark,

If

If ever they were ſtow'd in Noah's *Ark.*

Here I put a Quære, whether there were any *Socinians* before the *Flood*, which I'm not very well ſatisfied in? I have been lately apt to believe that the world was drown'd for that *Hereſy*; which among Friends made me leave it.

Quickned with Fire below, theſe Monſters breed
In Fenny Holland, *and in Fruitful* Tweed. Page 61

Now to write ſomething new and out of the way, to elevate and ſurprize, and all that I fetch, you ſee this *Quickning Fire* from the bottom of *Boggs* and *Rivers*.

Johnſ. Why faith, that's as ingenious a Contrivance as the *Virtuoſo's* making a burning-glaſs of ice.

Bayes. Why was there ever any ſuch thing? Let me periſh if ever I heard of it. The fancy was ſheer new to me; and I thought no man had reconcil'd thoſe Elements but my ſelf. Wel Gentlemen! Thus far I have followed Antiquity, and as *Homer* has numbred his ſhips, ſo *I* have rang'd my Beaſts, Here is my *Boar* and my *bear*, and my *Fox*, and my *Wolf*, and the reſt of 'em all againſt my poor *Mouſe*. Now what do you think I do with all theſe?

Smith. Faith I don't know, I ſuppoſe you make 'em fight.

Bayes. Fight! 'Gad 'twas ſoon make 'em Dance. No, I do no earthly thing with 'em, nothing at all, 'gad I think they have play'd their Parts ſufficiently already; I have walk'd 'em out, ſhow'd 'em to the Company, and rais'd your Expectation. And now whilſt you hope to ſee 'em bated, and are dreaming of blood and battels, they ſculk off, and you hear no more of them.

Smith. Why Faith Mr. *Bayes*, now you have been at ſuch expence in ſetting forth their Characters, it had been too much to have gone through with 'em.

Bayes. 'Gad ſo it had. And then I'le tell you another thing, 'tis not every one that reads a Poem through. And therefore I fill the firſt part with Flowers, Figures, fine Language, and all that; and then I 'gad ſink by degrees, till at Laſt *I* write but Little better than other people. And whereas moſt Authors *creep ſervilely* after the Old Fellows,

and

and ſtrive to grow upon their Readers; *I* take another Courſe, *I* bring in all my Characters together, and let 'em ſee *I* could go on with 'em; but I'gad, *I* wont.

John. Could go on with them Mr. *Bayes*! theres no body doubts that; You have a moſt particular *genius* that way.

Bayes Oh! Dear Sir, You are mighty obliging: But *I* muſt needs ſay at a *Fable* or an *Emblem I* think no man comes near me, indeed *I* have ſtudied it more than any Man. Did you ever take notice, Mr: *Johnſon*, of a Little thing that has taken mightily about Town, a *Cat with a Top-knot*?

John. Faith, ſir, tis mighty pretty, *I* ſaw it at the Coffee-Houſe.

Bayes, Tis a Trifle hardly worth owning; *I* was t'other Day at *Will*'s throwing out ſomething of that Nature; and I'gad, the hint was taken, and out came that Picture; indeed the poor Fellow was ſo civil to preſent me with a dozen of them for my Friends, *I* think *I* have one here in my pocket; would you pleaſe to accept it Mr. *Johnſon*?

John. Really tis very ingenious.

Bayes, Oh Lord! Nothing at all, *I* could deſign twenty of 'em in an Hour, if I had but witty fellows about me to draw them. I was proffer'd a penſion to go into *Holland*; and contrive their *Emblems*. But hang them they are dull Rogues and would ſpoil my invention. But come Gentlemen, let us return to our buſineſs, and here i'le give you a delicate deſcription of a man.

Smith. But how does that come in?

Bayes. Come in? very naturally. I was talking of a *wolf* and that ſuppoſes a wood, and then *I* clap an Epithet to't, and call it a *Celtic wood*: Now when *I* was there, *I* could not help thinking of the *French Perſecution*, and I'gad from all theſe Thoughts *I* took occaſion to rail at the *French King*, and ſhow that he was not of the ſame make with other men, which thus *I* prove.

The Divine Blackſmith *in the Abiſs of Light*,
Page 7 Yawning and Lolling *with a careleſs beat*,

Struck

Struck out the mute Creation at a Heat.
But he work'd hard to hammer out our ſouls,
He blew the Bellows, and ſtir'd up the Coals;
Long time he thought and could not on a ſudden
Knead up with unskim'd *Milk* this Reas'ning Pudding:
Tender, and mild within its Bag it lay
Confeſſing ſtill the ſoftneſs of its Clay,
And kind as Milk-Maids on their wedding day. ibid
Till *Pride of Empire*, *Luſt*, and hot deſire
Did over-boile him, like too great a Fire,
And underſtanding grown, *miſunderſtood*,
Burned to the pot, and ſoured his curdled Blood.

John. But ſure this is a little prophane, Mr. *Bayes.*

Bayes, Not at all: do's not *Virgil* bring in his *God Vulcan* working at the *Anvil*?

John. Ay ſir, but never thought his Hands the fitteſt to make a pudding.

Bayes, Why do you imagin him an earthly dirty *black-ſmith*? Gad you make it prophane indeed. I'le tell you ther's as much difference betwixt them, I'gad as betwixt my man and *Milton's*, But now Gentlemen, the Plot thickens, here comes my t'other Mouſe, the City mouſe.

A *ſpotted* Mouſe, the prettieſt next the white, page 9
Ah! were her ſpots waſh'd out, as pretty quite,
With *Phylacteries* on her forehead ſpred, Page 10
Crozier in hand, and *Miter* on her Head. ibid
Three Steeples Argent on her Sable ſhield. page 31
Liv'd in the *City*, and diſdain'd the *Field.*

John. This is a glorious *Mouſe* indeed! but as you have dreſs'd her, we don't know whether ſhe be *Jew*, *Papiſt* or *Proteſtant.*

Bayes, Let me embrace you, Mr. *Johnſon*, for that; you take it right. She is a meer *babel* of *Religions*, and therefore ſhe's a *ſpotted Mouſe* here, and will be a *Mule* preſently. But to go on:

This Princeſs ——

Smith, what *Princeſs*, Mr. *Bayes*?

Bayes.

Bayes. Why this *Mouse*, for I forgot to tell you, an *Old*
page 9 *Lyon* made a *left hand Marriage* with her Mother, and begot *on her body Elizabeth Schism*, who was married to *Timothy Sacriledg*, and had issue *Graceless Heresy*, Who all give the same Coat with their mother, *Three Steeples Argent*, as *I* to'd you before.

page 11 This Princes tho *estrang'd* from what was *best*,
Was least deform'd, because Reform'd the least.

There's *De* and *Re* as good *I'gad* as ever was.

page 10 *She in a Masquerade of Mirth and Love.*
Mistook the bliss of Heaven for Bacchanals above,
And grub'd the Thorns *beneath our tender Feet,*
To make the paths of Paradise more sweet.

There's a Jolly mouse for you, let me see any body else that can shew you such another. Here now have *I* one damnable severe reflecting Line, but *I* want a Rhime to it, can you help me Mr. *Johnson*.

She ——
Humbly content to be dispised at home,
John, Which is too narrow infamy for some.

Bayes. Sir *I* thank you, now *I* can go on with it.

Whose merits are diffus'd from Pole to Pole,
Page 23. *Where winds can carry, and where waves can rowl.*

Johns. But does not this reflect upon some of your Friends, Mr- *Bayes*.

Bayes. 'Tis no matter for that, let me alone to bring my self off, I'le tell you, lately *I* writ a damn'd Libel on a whole party, sheer point and Satyr all through, I'gad Call'd them Rogues, Dogs, and all the names *I* could think of, but with an exceeding deal of wit, that *I* must needs say. Now it happend before *I* could finish this peice the Scheme of affairs was altred, and those people were no longer Beasts: Here was a Plunge now: should *I* lose my Labour, or Libel my Friend? 'Tis not every Body's Talent to find a *Salvo* for this: But what do me *I* but write a smooth delicate Preface, wherein *I* tell them that the *Satyr was not intended to them*, and this did the business.

Smith.

Smith. But if it was not intended to them against whom it was writ, certainly it had no meaning at all.

Bayes. Poh! There's the trick on't, poor fools, they took it, and were satisfied: And yet it maul'd them damnably I'gad.

Smith. Why Faith, Mr. *Bayes*, there's this very Contrivance in the *Preface* to *Dear Joyes jests.*

Bayes. What a Devil do you think that I'd steal from such an Author? Or ever read it?

Smith. I can't tell, but you sometimes read as bad: *I* have heard you quote *Reynard the Fox.*

Bayes. Why there's it now; take it from me, Mr. *Smith*, there is as good *Morality*, and as sound precepts, in the *delectable History of Reynard the Fox*, as in any Book *I* know, except *Seneca.* Pray tell me where in any other Author could *I* have found so pretty a name for a Wolf as *Isgrim?* But prithee, Mr. *Smith*, give me no more trouble, and let me go on with my *Mouse.*

One evening, when she went away from Court, page 13
Levee's and Couchee's past without resort.

There's court language for you; nothing gives a verse so fine a turn as an air of good breeding.

Smith. But methinks the *Levee's and Couchee's* of a *Mouse* are too great, especially when she is walking from Court to the cooler shades.

*Bayes. I'*gad now have you forgot what *I* told you, that she was a Princess: But pray mind; here the two mice meet.

She met the Countrey mouse, whose *fearful face* ibid.
Beheld from far the common watering place,
Nor durst approach———

Smith. Methinks, Mr. *Bayes*, this mouse is strangely alter'd, since she *fear'd no danger.*

Bayes. Godsokers! Why no more she does not yet fear either man or beast: but, poor creature, she's afraid of the water, for she could not swim, as you see by this; ibid.

Nor durst approach, till with an awful roar
The sovereign Lion bad her fear no more:

But besides, 'tis above thirty pages off that *I* told you

ſhe *fear'd no danger*; and *I*'gad if you will have no variation of the character, you muſt have the ſame thing over and over again; 'tis the beauty of writing to ſtrike you ſtill with ſomething new: Well, but to proceed:

Page 14. *But* when ſhe had this ſweeteſt mouſe *in view*,
Good *Lord*, *how ſhe admir'd her heavenly hiew!*

Here now to ſhew you *I* am Maſter of all Stiles, I let my ſelf down from the *majeſty* of *Virgil* to the *ſweetneſs* of *Ovid*.

Good *Lord*, *how ſhe admir'd her heavenly hiew!*

What more eaſy and familiar! *I* writ this line for the *Ladies*: The little *Rogues* will be ſo fond of me to find *I* can yet be ſo tender. I hate ſuch a rough unhewn fellow as *Milton*, that a man muſt ſweat to read him; I'gad you may run over this and be almoſt aſleep.

Th'immortal mouſe who ſaw the *Viceroy* come
So far to ſee her, did invite her home.

There's a pretty name now for the *ſpotted mouſe*, the *Viceroy!*

Smith. But pray why d'e call her ſo?

Bayes. Why! Becauſe it ſounds prettily: I'll call her the *Crown-General* preſently if I've a a mind to it. Well.

——did invite her home
To ſmoke a pipe, and o're a ſober pot
Diſcourſe of *Oats* and *Bedloe*, and the *Plot*:
She made a Court'ſy, like a civil Dame,
And, being *much a Gentlewoman*, came.

Well, Gentlemen, here's my firſt part finiſhed, and I think I have kept my word with you, and given it the *majeſtick turn of Heroick Poeſy*. The reſt *being matter of Diſpute, I had not ſuch frequent occaſion from the magnificence of Verſe*, tho *I*'gad they ſpeak very well. And *I* have heard *men*, and *conſiderable men* too, talk the very ſame things, a great deal worſe.

John. Nay, without doubt, Mr. *Bayes*, they have received no ſmall advantage from the ſmoothneſs of your numbers.

Bayes. Ay, ay, *I* can do't, if *I* liſt: though you muſt not think

think *I* have been ſo dull as to mind theſe things my ſelf, but 'tis the advantage of our *Coffee-houſe*, that from their talk one may write a very good *polemical* diſcourſe, without ever troubling ones head with the Books of *Controverſie*. For *I* can take the ſlighteſt of their Arguments, and clap 'em pertly into four Verſes, which ſhall ſtare any *London Divine* in the face. *I*ndeed your knotty reaſonings with a long train of *majors* and *minors*, and the *Devil* and all, are too barbarous for my ſtile; but *I*'gad *I* can flouriſh better with one of theſe twinkling Arguments, than the beſt of 'em can fight with t'other. But we return to our *Mouſe*, and now *I* have brought 'em together, let them 'en ſpeak for themſelves, which they will do extreamly well, or *I* am miſtaken: and pray obſerve, Gentlemen, if in one you don't find all the delicacy of a luxurious City-Mouſe, and in the other all the plain ſimplicity of a ſober ſerious Matron.

Dame, ſaid the Lady of the ſpotted Muff, page 14.
Methinks your Tiff is ſour, your *Cates* meer ſtuff,
There, did not *I* tell you ſhe'd be nice?
Your Pipe's ſo foul, that *I* diſdain to ſmoke;
And the Weed worſe than e're *Tom. I---s* took.

Smith. *I* did not hear ſhe had a *ſpotted Muff* before.

Bayes: Why no more ſhe has not now: but ſhe has a skin that might make a *ſpotted Muff*. There's a pretty Figure now unknown to the Ancients.

Leave, leave (**ſhe's earneſt you ſee*) this hoary *Shed* and lonely Hills, * Poeta loquitur.
And eat with me at *Groleau*'s ſmoak at *Will*'s.
What wretch would nibble on a hanging-ſhelf,
When at *Pontack*'s he may *Regale* himſelf?
Or to the Houſe of cleanly *Reniſh* go;
Or that at *Charing-Croſs*, or that in *Channel-Row*?

Do you mark me now? *I* would by this repreſent the vanity of a *Town-Fop*, who pretends to be acquainted at all thoſe good Houſes, though perhaps he never was in 'em. But hearк! ſhe goes on.

Come, at a Crown a head our ſelves we'll treat,
Champain our Liquor, and *Ragouſts* our meat.
Then hand in hand we'll go to *Court*, dear *Cuz*,
To viſit *Biſhop Martin*, and *King Buz*.
With *Evening wheels* we'll drive about the *Park*,
Finiſh at *Locket's*, and reel home i'th'dark.
Break clattering Windows, and demoliſh doors

page 28 *Of Engliſh Manufactures---- Pimps. and Whores.*

John. Methinks a *Pimp* or a *Whore* is an odd ſort of a *manufacture*, Mr. *Bayes*.

Bayes. I call 'em ſo, to give the *Parliament* a hint not to ſuffer ſo many of 'em to be exported to the decay of Trade at home.

With theſe Allurements *ſpotted* did invite
From *Hermits Cell*, the *Female Proſelyte*.

page 9 *Oh! with what eaſe we follow ſuch a Guide,*
Where ſouls are ſtarv'd, and ſenſes gratifi'd.

Now would not you think ſhe's going? but *I* gad, you'r miſtaken; you ſhall hear a long Argument about infallibility, before ſhe ſtirs yet.

page 31 But here the *White*, by *obſervation wiſe*,
Wo long on Heaven had fixt her prying *Eyes*,
With thoughtful Countenance, and grave remark,
Said, or my judgment fails me, or 'tis dark.
Leſt therefore we ſhould ſtray, and not go right,

page 16 Through the *brown horrour* of the ſtarleſs night.
Haſt thou *Infallibility*, *that Wight?*
Sternly the Savage grin'd, and thus reply'd:
That Mice may err, was never yet deny'd.
That *I* deny, ſaid the immortal Dame,

ibid There is a Guide—— Gad I've forgot his name,
Who lives in *Heaven* or *Rome*, the Lord knows where,

ſpotted mouſe loquitur Had we but him, Sweet-heart, we could not err.
But hark you, Siſter, this is but a whim;
For ſtill we want a *Guide* to find out him.

Here you ſee *I* don't trouble my ſelf to keep on the narration, but write *white ſpeaks* or *dapple ſpeaks* by the ſide

Bu

But when *I* get any noble thought which I envy a *Mouſe* ſhould ſay, *I* clap it down in my own Perſon with a *Poeta* p. *Loquitur*; which, take notice, is a ſurer ſign of a fine thing in my writings, than a hand in the Margent any where elſe. Well now ſays *White*,

What need we find him, we have certain proof
That he is ſome where, *Dame*, and that's enough:
For if there is a *Guide* that knows the way,
Although we know not him, we cannot ſtray.

That's true, Igad: Well ſaid *White*. You ſee her adverſary has nothing to ſay for her ſelf, and therefore to confirm the Victory, ſhe ſhall make a *ſimile*.

Smith. Why then I find ſimiles are as good after Victory as after a Surprize.

Bayes: Every Jot, Igad, or rather better. Well, ſhe can do page 16 it two ways, either about *Emiſſion* or *Reception* of Light, or elſe about *Epſom-waters*, but *I* think the laſt is moſt familiar; therefore ſpeak, my pretty one.

As though 'tis controverted in the *School*,
If *Waters* paſs by *Urine* or by *ſtool*.
Shall we who are *Philoſophers*, thence gather
From this diſſention that they work by neither.

And I gad, ſhe's in the right on't; but mind now, ſhe comes upon her ſwop!

All this I did, your Arguments to try.

And Igad, if they had been never ſo good, this next line confutes 'em.

Hear and be dumb, thou wretch, *that Guide am I*. page 24

There's a Surprize for you now! How ſneakingly t'other looks? Was not that pretty now, to make her ask for a *Guide* firſt, and then tell her ſhe was one? Who could have thought that this little *Mouſe* had the *Pope* and a whole *general Council* in her belly? Now Dapple had nothing to ſay to this, and therefore you'll ſee ſhe grows peeviſh.

*C*ome leave your Cracking tricks, and as they ſay,
Uſe not, that Barber that trims time, delay page 44
Which Igad is new, and my own.
I've eyes as well as you to find the way. Then

Then on they jogg'd, *and ſince an hour of talk*
Might cut a Banter *on the tedious walk;*
As I remember ſaid the ſober Mouſe,
I've heard much talk of the *Wits Coffee-Houſe.*
Thither, ſays *Brindle*, thou ſhalt go, and ſee
Prieſts ſupping *Coffee*, *Sparks* and *Poets Tea;*
Here rugged Freeze, there Quality well dreſt,
Theſe baffling the *Grand-Seignior*; thoſe the *Teſt.*
page 49. And hear ſhrew'd gueſſes made, and reaſons given,
That humane Laws were never made in Heaven:
But above all, what ſhall oblige thy ſight,
And fill thy Eye-Balls with a vaſt delight;
Is the *Poetic Judge* of ſacred *Wit*,
Who do's ſ'th' *Darkneſs of his Glory ſit.*
page 13: *And as the Moon who firſt receives the light,*
With which ſhe makes theſe neither Regions bright;
So does he ſhine, reflecting from afar,
The Rayes he borrow'd from a better Star:
For rules which from *Corneille* and *Rapin* flow,
Admir'd by all the ſcribling Herd below.
From *French Tradition* while he does diſpence,
Unerring Truths, 'tis Sciſm, a damn'd offence,
To queſtion his, or truſt your private ſenſe.

Hah! *Is* not that right, Mr: *Johnſon*? Gad forgive me he is faſt a ſleep! Oh the damn'd ſtupidity of this Age! a ſleep! Well, Sir, Since you'r ſo drouſy, your humble Servant.

Johnſ. Nay, Pray Mr. *Bayes*, Faith I heard you all the while. *The white Mouſe.*

Bayes. The white Mouſe! ay, ay, I thought how you heard me. Your Servant Sir your Servant.

Johnſ. Nay, Dear Mr. *Bayes*, Faith I beg thy pardon, I was up late laſt night, Prithee lend me a little Snuff, and go on.

Bayes. Go on! Pox I don't know where I was well I'll begin. Here, mind, now they are both come to Town.

But now at *Peccadille* they arrive,
And taking Coach, t'wards *Temple-Bar* they drive;

But at St. *Clement's Church*, eat out the Back;
And slipping through the *Palsgrave*, bilkt poor *Hack*.
There's the *Utile* which ought to be in all Poetry, Many a *young Templer* will save his shilling by this Stratagem of my mice.

Smith. Why, will any *young Templer* eat out the back of a Coach?

Bayes. No, I gad, but you'll grant it is mighty natural for a Mouse.

Thence to the *Devil*, and ask'd if *Chanticleer*,
Of Clergy kind, or Councellour *Chaugh* was there; page 58
Or Mr. *Dove*, a pigeon of Renown,
By his high crop, and corny Gizzard known, page 56.
Or Sister Partlet, *with the Hooded head*; page 57.
No Sir, She's *hooted hence*, said *Will*, and fled,
Why so? *Because she would not pray a bed.*

Johns. aside. Sdeath! who can keep awake at such stuff? Pray, Mr. *Bayes*, lend me your Box again.

Bayes. Mr. *Johnson*, How d'e like that Box? pray take notice of it, 'twas given me by a *person* of *Honour* for looking over a paper of verses; and indeed I put in all the lines that were worth any thing in the whole Poem. Well, but where were we? Oh! Here they are, just going up stairs into the *Apollo*; from whence my white takes occasion to talk very well of *Tradition*.

Thus to the place where *Johnson* sat we climb,
Leaning on the same Rail that guided him;
And whilst we thus on equal helps rely,
Our wit must be as true, our thoughts as high.
For as an *Author* happily compares
Tradition to a well-fixt pair of *Stairs*, page 26.
So this the *scala sancta* we believe,
By which his *Traditive Genius* we receive.
Thus every step I take my spirits soar,
And I grow more a *Wit*, and more, and more.

There's humour! Is not that the liveliest Image in the world of a Mouses going up a pair of Stairs. *More a wit, and more and more?* *Smith.*

Smith. Mr. *Bayes*, I beg your pardon heartily, I must be rude, I have a particular engagement at this time, and I see you are not near an end yet.

Bayes. Godsokers! Sure you won't serve me so: All my finest Descriptions and best discourse is yet to come.

Smith. Truth, Sir, if 'twere not an extraordinary concern *I* could not leave you:

Bayes. Well; but you shall take a little more, and here I'll pass over two dainty *Episodes* of *Swallows*, *Swifts*, *Chickens*, and *Buzzards*.

Johns. I know not why they should come in, except to make yours the longest *Fable* that ever was told.

Bayes. Why, the excellence of a *Fable* is in the length of it. *Æsop* indeed, like a Slave as he was, made little, short, simple stories, with a dry Moral at the end of 'em; and could not form any noble design. But here I give you *Fable* upon *Fable*; and after you are satisfied with Beasts in the first course, serve you up a delicate Dish of Fowl for the second; now I was at all this pains to abuse one particular person; for Igad I'll tell you what a trick he serv'd me. *I* was once translating a very good *French Author*, but being something long about it, as you know a Man is not always in the humour; What does this *Jack* do, but puts out an Answer to my Friend before I had half finished the Translation: so there was three whole months lost upon his Account. But *I* think *I* have my revenge on him sufficiently, for *I* let all the World know, that he is a *tall*, *broad-back'd*, *lusty fellow*, of a *brown Complexion*, *fair behaviour*, a *Fluent Tongue*, and *taking* amongst the *Women*; and to top it all that he's much a *Scholar*, more a *Wit*, and owns but two *Sacraments*. Don't you think this fellow will hang himself? But besides, *I* have so nick his Character in a name as will make you split. *I* call him——Igad *I* wont tell you unless you remember what *I* said of him.

Varillas

Smith. Why that he was much a *Scholar*, and more a *Wit*--

Bayes. Right; and his name is *Buzzard*, ha! ha! ha.

Johns. Very proper indeed, Sir.

Bayes.

Bayes. Nay, *I* have a farther fetch in it yet than perhaps you imagine; for his true name begins with a B. which makes me ſlily contrive him this, to begin with the ſame Letter: There's a pretty device, Mr. *Johnſon*; *I* learn'd it, *I* muſt needs confeſs, from that ingenious ſport, I love my love with an *A.* becauſe ſhe's *Amiable*: and if you could but get a knot of merry fellows together, you ſhould ſee how *little Bayes* would top 'em all at it, Igad.

Smith. Well, but good Faith, Mr. *Bayes*, I muſt leave you I am half an hour paſt my time.

Bayes. Well, I've done, I've done. Here are eight hundred verſes upon a rainy Night, and a Birds-Neſt; and here's three hundred more, Tranſlated from two *Paris Gazets*, in which the *Spotted Mouſe* gives an account of the Treaty of peace between the *Czars* of *Muſcovy*, and the *Emperour* which is a piece of News. *White* does not believe, and this is her anſwer. I am reſolv'd you ſhall hear it, for in it I have taken occaſion to prove *Oral Tradition* better than *Scripture*. Now you muſt know, 'tis ſincerely my opinion, that it had been better for the World, if we nere had any *Bibles* at all.

E're that *Gazet* was printed, ſaid the *White*,
Our Robin told another ſtory quite;
This *Oral Truth* more ſafely I believ'd,
My Ears cannot, your eyes may be deceiv'd:
By word of Mouth unerring Maxims flow,
And *Preaching*'s beſt, if underſtood, or no:
Words *I* confeſs *bound by, and trip ſo light,* page 1
We have not time to take a ſteady ſight;
Yet fleeting thus are plainer then when writ,
To long Examination they ſubmit.
Hard things——Mr. *Smith*, if theſe two lines don't recompence your ſtay, ne'r truſt *John Bayes* again.
Hard things at the firſt bluſh are clear and full,
God mends on ſecond thoughts, but Man grows dull.
Igad I judge of all men by my ſelf, 'tis ſo with me, *I* never ſtrove to be very exact in any thing but I ſpoil'd it. page 7

Smith. But allowing your Character to be true is it, not a litle too ſevere?

Bayes. 'Tis no matter for that, theſe general reflections are daring, and ſavour moſt of a *noble Genius*, that ſpares neither *Friend* nor *Foe*.

Johnſ. Are you never afraid of a drubbing for that *daring* of your *noble Genius*?

Bayes. Afraid! Why *Lord* you make ſo much of a beating, I'gad 'tis no more to me than a Flea biting. No, no, if I can but be witty upon 'em, let 'em ene lay on, *I* Faith, I'll ne'r baulk my fancy to ſave my Carkaſs. Well, but we muſt diſpatch, Mr. *Smith*.

Thus did they merrily carrouſe all day,
And like the gaudy fly their wings diſplay:
And ſip the ſweets, and bask in great Apollo's *ray.*

Well there's an end of the Entertainment; and Mr. *Smith* if your affairs would have permitted, you would have heard the beſt *Bill of Fare* that ever was ſerv'd up in *Heroicks*: but here follows a diſpute ſhall recommend it ſelf, I'll ſay nothing for it. For *Dapple*, who you muſt know was a *Proteſtant*, all this while truſts her own Judgment, and fooliſhly diſlikes the wine; upon which our *Innocent* does ſo run her down, that ſhe has not one word to ſay for her ſelf, but what I put in her mouth; and Igad, you may imagine they won't be very good ones, for ſhe has diſoblig'd me, like an *Ingrate*.

Sirrah, ſays *Brindle*, Thou haſt brought us wine,
Sour to my taſt, and to my eyes unfine.
Says *Will*, all *Gentlemen* like it, ah! ſays *White*,
What is approv'd by them, muſt needs be right.
page 17 'Tis true, I thought it bad, but if the Houſe
Commend it, I ſubmit, a private Mouſe.

Mind that, mind the *Decorum*, and Difference, which our Mouſe pays to the Company.

Nor to their *Catholick* conſent oppoſe
My erring Judgment, and reforming Noſe.

Ah! ah! there ſhe has nick't her, that's up to the Hilts, *I*gad, and you ſhall ſee *Dapple* reſents it. Why

Why, what a Devil ſhan't I truſt my Eyes?
Muſt *I* drink *Stum* becauſe the *Raſcal* lyes?
And palms upon us *Catholick* content.
To give *ſophiſticated Brewings* vent.
Says *White*, what ancient Evidence can ſway,
If you muſt Argue thus and not obey? [vey'd, page 2
Drawers muſt be truſted, through whoſe hands con-
You take the *Liquor*, or you ſpoil the *Trade*.
For ſure thoſe *Honeſt Fellows* have no knack
Of putting off *ſtum'd Claret* for *Pontack*.
How long alas! would the poor Vintner laſt,
If all that drink muſt *judge*, and every *Gueſt*
Be allowed to have an underſtanding *Taſt*?
Thus ſhe: Nor could the Panther well inlarge,
With weak defence, againſt ſo ſtrong a charge.

There I call her a *Panther*, becauſe ſhe's ſpotted, which is ſuch a blot to the *Reformation*, as I warrant 'em they will never claw off, I gad.

But with a *weary Yawn* that ſhew'd her pride,
Said, Spotleſs was a *Villain*, and ſhe *lyed*.
White ſaw her *canker'd Malice* at that word,
And ſaid her prayers, and drew her *Delphic ſword*.
T'other cry'd *Murther*, and her *Rage reſtrain'd*:
And thus her paſſive Character maintain'd.

But now alas——

Mr. *Johnſon*, pray mind me this; Mr, *Smith*, I'e ask you to ſtay no longer, for this that follows is ſo engaging; hear me but two lines, I Gad, and go away afterwards if you can.

But now, alas, I grieve I grieve to tell
What ſad miſchance theſe prity things *befel*
Theſe Birds of Beaſts——

There's a tender expreſſion, *Birds of Beaſts*: 'tis the greateſt Affront that you can put upon any *Bird*, to call it, page 57 *beaſt of a Bird*: and a *beaſt* is ſo fond of being call'd a *bird*, as you can't imagine.

Theſe birds of beaſts, theſe learned Reas'ning Mice Were ſeparated, baniſh'd in a trice.

Who would be learned for their sakes, who wife?

Ay, who indeed? there's a *Pathos*, I gad Gentlemen, if that wont move you, nothing will, I can assure you: But here's the sad thing I was afraid of.

The *Constable* alarm'd by this noise,
page 59 Enter'd the Room directed by the voice,
And speaking to the *Watch with head aside*,
Said desperate Cures must be to desperate Ills apply'd.
These *Gentlemen*, for so their fate decrees,
Can ne'er enjoy at once *The But and peace.*
page 51 *When each have separate Interests of their own,*
page 63 *Two Mice are one too many for a Town.*
By *Schism* they are torn; and therefore *Brother*,
Look you to one, and I'le secure the t'other.
Now whither *Dapple* did to *Bridewell* go,
Page 43 Or in the *stocks* all night her Fingers blow,
Or in the *Compter* lay concerns not us to know.
But the *immortal Matron*, *spotless VVhite*,
Forgetting *Dapple*'s Rudeness, Malice Spight,
Look'd kindly back, and wept, and said *Good night.*
page 64 *Ten thousand VVatchmen waited* on this Mouse,
With Bills, and Halberds, to her Country-House:

This last contrivance I had from a judicious Author, that makes *Ten thousand Angels* wait upon his *Hind*, and she asleep too, I Gad——

Johns. Come let's see what we have to pay.

Bayes. What a Pox, are you in such hast? You han't told me how you like it.

Johns. Oh, extreamly well. Here Drawer.

FINIS.

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